THE HECTOR OF GERMANY.

OR

¶ The *Palsgraue*, Prime Elector.

A New Play, an Honourable Hiſtory.

As it hath beene publickly Acted at the Red-Bull, *and at the* Curtayne, *by a Company of Young-men of this Citie.*

¶ Made by W. SMITH: with new Additions.

Hiſtoria vita temporis.

Printed at London by *Thomas Creede*, for *Ioſias Harriſon*, and are to be ſolde in *Pater-Noſter-Row, at the Signe of the Golden Anker.* 1615.

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sh p full,

TO THE RIGHT WOR.

the great Fauourer of the *Muſes*, *Syr Iohn Swinnerton Knight*, ſometimes Lord Mayor of this honourable Cittie of *London*.

SYR, *Poeſie is a diuine gifte, borne with many, without which donation no man can be a Poet, though he be* Princeps doctorum; *and haue all the Languages* (*ad vnguem*.) Ouid *found this inclination in himſelfe, and that was the reaſon hee ſaide,* Quicquid conabor dicere verſus erit; *where Nature ſpeakes ſo forceablie in any, there is no ſuppreſſing it: For,* Naturam expellas furca licet vſq; recurrit, *your Wor: is ſo farre from offering ſuch violence, that you are known to be a great cheriſher of the Muſes. And I hauing receiued ſome fauours from you, for priuate things, thought it might be acceptable, to giue you ſome Honor in Print; So that this Play, intuled* The Palſgraue, *beeing made for Citizens, who acted it well; I deemde it fitte to bee Patronizde by a Citizen. And not knowing any ſo worthy thereof as your ſelfe, I made choyce of your Wor: to be my* Mecœnas: *The kinde acceptance whereof, will make me proceede farther in your praiſe. And as I haue begun in a former Play, called the* Freemans Honour, *acted by the Now-ſeruants of the Kings Maieſtie, to dignifie the worthy Companie of the* Marchātaylors, *wherof you are a principall Ornament, I ſhall ere long, make choyce of ſome ſubiect to equall it. In the meane time, I leaue the* Palſgraue *in your hand, as a pledge of my good meaning, & will reſt*

Your Wor: moſt dutious,

W. Smith.

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The Prologue.

OVr Authour for himselfe, this bad me say,
Although the Palsgraue *be the name of th' Play,*
Tis not that Prince, which in this Kingdome late,
Married the Mayden-glory of our state:
What Pendares be so bold in this strict age,
To bring him while he liues vpon the Stage?
And though he would, Authorities sterne brow
Such a presumptuous deede will not allow:
And he must not offend Authoritie,
Tis of a Palsgraue *generous and high,*
Of an vndaunted heart, an Hectors *spirit,*
For his great valour, worthy royall merite;
Whose fayre achieuements, and victorious glory,
Is the mayne subiect of our warlike Story.
Mars *gouerns here, his influence rules the day,*
And should by right be Prologue to the Play:
But that besides the subiect, Mercury
Sent me to excuse our insufficiencie.
If you should aske vs, being men of Trade,
Wherefore the Players facultie we inuade?
Our answere is, No ambition to compare
With any, in that qualitie held rare;
Nor with a thought for any grace you giue
To our weake action, by their course to liue:
But, as in Camps, and Nurseries of Art,
Learning and valour haue assum'd a part,
In a Cathurnall Sceane their wits to try,
Such is our purpose in this History.
Emperours haue playd, and their Associates to,
Souldiers and Schollers; tis to speake and do.
If Citizens come short of their high fame,
Let Citizens beare with vs for the name.
And Gentlemen, we hope what is well ment,
Will grace the weake deede for the good intent.
Our best we promise with a dauntlesse cheeke;
And so we gayne your loue, tis all we seeke. Exit.

A Bed thrust out, the Palsgraue lying sicke in it, the King of Bohemia, the Duke of Sauoy, the Marquesse Brandenburgh, entring with him.

A Letter.

Palsgraue. Sicke at this instant now to be infirme,
When the *English* King hath his kinde Letter sent:
For mee to place this honourable prince,
The Duke of *Sauoy* in the *Empires* rule:
That Nation my great Grandfather did loue.
And since I came to vnderstand their valour,
I held them the Prime Souldiers of the world:
And thinke no Martiall Tutor fittes a prince,
But hee that is a true borne *Englishman.*
Ill comes this Letter, and your Grace at once,
A worser time then this you could not choose.
Though I am chiefe Elector of the seuen,
And a meere *Cæsar* now the Chayre is voyde:
Sickenesse hath weakened all my powers so much,
I shalbe slighted as a worthlesse thing. (Friends?
Sauoy. Why should the *Palsgraue* so mistrust his
Palgr: Sauoy, becausse I know them factious.
And though *Bohemia* loue me as his life,
And Vmpeare-like, should pacifie our iars,
What is his voyce when *Saxon* drawes his sword?
Mentz of a Cleargie-man is stout and prowde,
Trier his like, in nature and in vice.
And the bold *Bastard*, late expulst from *Spayne*,
Has a blood-thirsty hart, a vengefull spleene.
Misfortune cannot daunt him though he fled
Out of his owne Realme, and has lost his Crowne.
His impudencie yet aymes at *Cæsars* Throne,
Ide freely part with mine inheritance,
If it could purchase health to tame his pride,
But in you onely I repose my trust.

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Reserue your voyces for this Noble Duke,
Who were I well should bee an Emperour:
Sickneſſe will be obeyde, I must decline,
For my ſpeech failes mee to vrge more diſcourſe,
Pray for mee all, if that they chaunce to win,
And I recouer Ile helpe all by Warre.

The Bedde drawne in. Exit Palsgraue.

Bohem. The ſtrength of *Germanie* is ſicke in him,
And ſhould hee die now in his prime of life,
Like *Troy* wee looſe the *Hector* of our Age:
For hee alone, when he was ſtrong and well,
Curb'd all their pride, and kept the worſt in awe.

Marqu: We muſt expect warre: & prepare our ſelues
With expedition to reſiſt their force;
For a more dangerous Foe for Treachery,
Then is the Baſtaſtard, liues not in theſe parts.

Sauoy. I am ſorie, that preſuming on the health
Of the moſt valiant *Palsgraue* now ſalne ſicke,
I came ſo ill prouided for the Warres. (field.

Bohem. We are ſtrong enough to meet them in the

Enter the Byſhop of Cullen.

Cullen. Prepare for Warre, the Baſtard is in armes,
With him the fiery *Saxon*, *Mentz*, and *Trier:*
And they'le beſiege this Caſtle, to conſtraine
The *Palsgraue*, to elect him Emperour.

Marq: Shame to vs all, if we giue ayme to that.

Sauoy. Begyrt this Caſtle, and diſturbe the health
Of our deare friends, it is inſufferable.

Bohem. Let vs conuey him lower downe the riuer,
Vnto a ſtronger Caſtle of his owne:
And with ſuch Forces as we haue prepar'd,
Giue battell to the Baſtard and his crue.

Sauoy. You haue a *Caſar* of your owne Election,
To leade the Vangard, doe but follow mee,
Ile guide you where the greateſt danger dwells:

And

And like an Emperour fright it from the field:
The Bastards but a Coward, and a *Spanyard*,
Coward and *Spanyard* oft-times goe together.
Their greatest valour does consist in Braues,
And once repulst, theyl run away like Slaues.

Enter Prince Henry, the Bastard, the Duke of Saxon, The Bishop of Mentz, Drum, Cullors, & Soldiours.

Bastard. This Land of *Germanie* yeelds valiant men,
Haughty in heart as they in stature are:
Ten thousand such had I bene Leader of
When the *Blacke-Prince*, lately my greatest Foe,
Oppose me at *Mazieres*, and wonne the day,
I had bene Lord of that most noble Fielde,
And where an Hermit now tells ore his Beades,
Had sat a Souldier and a Conquerour.

Saxon. That Hermit is too bookish to raigne long.

Bastard. When th'Imperiall Scepter fills my hand,
And I haue *Caesars* wreath vpon my brow,
As had my Grandsire, and his royall Father,
Ile make *Iberia* wreake with my foes blood,
And force the Dotard to his Hermitage. (perour,

Mentz. Such thoughts becomes the *Germaine* Em-
Has courage to wage Warre with all the world.

Saxon: *Harry*, a word in priuate in your eare,
When you are Emperour, as in time you shall,
I must rule all, although you weare the Crowne:
The Edicts I propose you must enact,
And call them your owne Lawes, not being vext
At what I doe, although I mince your honour.

Bastard. How *Saxon?*

Saxon. *Harry*, Darst' thou wreath thy brow,
In any contumelious forme gainst mee?
T'is by my fauour that thou art aliue.
My greater greatnes has repaird thy fame,
And being but my creature, it is fitte

I should

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I should bee knowne to be the worthier man.
Bastard. Betweene our selues in priuate.
Sax: Publikely, and in the view of all, youle sweare.
Bastard. I must.
But being installed in the dignitie,
Ile alter what I sweare.
Saxon. Come, Come, your Oath,
Being an Elector, I am bard the onely Throane,
And therefore will rule by a Deputy.
Mentz. This is the Castle, shall wee sommon it ?

Enter Trier, another Bishop.

Trier. *Emperour* elect, and princes of the State,
In vaine you labour to begyrt this hold
With hostile Armes, for *Sauoy* is yth field,
The Bishop of *Cullen*, and stoute *Brandenburgh*,
With the *Bohemian* King, are already prest,
To giue you battell ere you stirre your foote.
Bast. Are they so braue, so hote, & full of courage?
Sax. The *Palsgraue* has breath'd spirit into them all.
Thogh sicknes make him droop, weel meet thē straight
Battells are gouernd by the will of Fate.

An Allarum.

Enter to them Sauoy, Behem, Marquesse, and Cullen, They are beaten off by the Bastards side, & exeunt.

A Flourish, enter in triumph, Bastard, Saxon, Trier, Mentz, leading the king of Bohemia, Brandenburgh, and Sauoy, Prisoners.

Bast. So moues the Sunne in glory through the skie,
Hauing outpast the clowdes that shadow him.
Sax. Now *Spanish Henry*, thou hast prou'd thy selfe
Worthy the *Germane* scepter, by thy valour,
And hee that sayes not *Aue Caesar*, dyes. (breake.
Behem. Swell not too high thou bubble, least thou
Bastard. Ile breake thy heart first.
Sauoy. Ere my tongue pronounce

Aue

Ane to any that's my enemie;
Ile bare my breſt to meete thy conquering ſword,
And make it crimſon with an *Emperours* blood.
Baſt: There muſt be but one *Emperour*, thats our ſelfe,
Therefore to priſon with the counterfeit,
Whence neither *County Pallatine*, nor *King*,
Shall with theyr Forces if they were conioynd,
Haue power to ſet thee free. (my ſelfe,
Saxon: For you my Lords, that are *Electors* like vnto
Giue but your free conſents that hee ſhall gouerne,
And that ſhall ſerue as ranſome for you all.
Marq: Neuer while life laſtes.
Bohem. Or I breath this ayre.
Mentz. Then let them ſhare like fortune in his doom
As they haue done this happy day ith field.
Baſtard. To priſon with them all.
Saxon: Not till you are Crownde.
That ſight ſhall ſerue in ſteed of a Tormentor,
And I reioyce to vexe mine enemie.
Baſtard. Giue vs our rights.

The two Biſhops, Ments, & Trier, Crowne the Baſtard.

Mentz. *Rex Romanorum, & magnus Imperator Germania Ceſar.* (mania.

Saxon: *Viue Ceſar.*
Baſtard. Enough thoſe *Viues*, take away my life,
In the delitious wrapture of my ſoule,
For theres no heauen me thinkes like royall thoughts,
The *Palſgraues* Caſtles raſte vnto the ground,
And peace eſtabliſht, we meane once againe
To trye our Fortune for the Realme of *Spayne*.

Exeunt.

Enter Peter the Hermit, King of Staine in a diſguiſe.

Peter. Since the deceaſe of *Englands* royall Sonne,
That plac't me lately in *Spaynes* gouerniment,

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Those that did feare me for his valor sake,
Are by the traynes and falshood of my brother,
Reuolted from mee, and to saue my life
I was constrained to put on this disguise,
To goe to *England* for a newe supplie
Of men and Soldiours would but weary them.
I haue therefore bene in *France*, and failing there,
Am come to *Germanie*, to implore the ayde
Of the *Electors*, but by ill successe,
Bohemia, *Brandenburgh*, and *Sauoyes* tane:
The *Bastard* has bewitcht the other Peeres.
So that my Foe is now an Emperour,
And all the hope I haue to get mine owne
Lyes in the *Palsgraue* sicke I heare to death,
Heare I expect his answere to my Letter.

Enter the Palsgraue, led in by Cullen, and others.

Palsgr. Are you the Hermit that did bring this letter?
Peter. And personate him that sent it.
Palsgraue. What *Spaynes* King?
Oh that I were as I was wont to bee,
Before this dangerous sickneesse was my Foe,
No *Christian* King that came to mee for ayde
But hee should speed.
Peter. In time you may recouer.
Palsgr. Meane time be welcom, sit, & take your rest,
And now my Lord of *Cullen* Ime preparde,
To heare the woefull tydings you haue brought.
Comes noble *Sauoy*, and *Bohemias* King,
With the stoute *Marquesse Brandenburgh* in triumph?
And is proude *Saxon* taken, with the *Bastard*,
Trier and *Mentz* made subiect to your sword?
Oh if they bee speake it, and make me well.
Cullen. Alls lost, We are conquerd, *Sauoy* is surprizde,
And our best Friends in bondage to our Foes:
Heauen has forgot the Iustice of our cause.

And

And onely I escapt to tell the newes.
Palsg: This were enough to kill some man in health,
But in me the effect is contrary.
All lost, all conquerd, *Savoy* made a Slaue:
My Friends in prison, and none escapt but you,
Hee that can heare such ill newes and be sicke,
Deserues nere to recouer, in my blood,
I feele an inflammation of reuenge:
Theres greater strength gathered into my nerues,
Then ere before, since that I grewe infirme:
They will not rest thus, and stay onely there,
But hauing conquerd them, assume the Crowne,
And make the *Bastard Emperour*.
Cullen. Hee is Crownd.
Palsg. More blood increases, & some more ill newes
Would make me cast my Night-cap on the ground,
And call my Groome to fetch mee a Warre-horse,
That I may ride before an Army royall,
And plucke the Crowne from off the *Bastards* head,
That is anothers right.
Cullen. Tis thought my Lord,
Your Castle which you left to saue your life
Is beaten to the ground, and your goods theirs:
And further, that they will pursue you hither,
As if you fled before their conquering swords.
Palsgr. Be sicke who will, mine Ague does retire,
And *Cullen* thou hast cur'd me with ill newes.
Come valiant Soldiours shew your selues like men,
And be assur'd weele winne the victory.
Harke how they shout as they applauded mee:
And see how brauely euery Leader rides,
Plum'd from the Beauer to the Saddle bowe,
Whilst the bold Souldier makes his lofty pike
Stretch in the Ayre with tossing it aloft.
Brauely done fellow: that tricke once againe,
And there's gold for thy paines, hee fights like *Hector*.

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Whilst at his feete th'amazed *Grecians* fall,
And though *Achilles* would renew the Field,
Hee dares not doo't, the enemies so strong,
Me thinks I heare a peale of Ordinance play,
They are the *Bastards* Cannons, planted high,
To ouerthrow my Castle to the ground.
Now they shoote off, Death, all my foes are come.
Marshall my Troups, and let Drum answere Drum.
My selfe in person will be generall.
But I fainte, and am not what I would be.
My spirit is stronger then my feeble lyms,
Leade me once more with griefe vnto my bed,
Fewe know the sorrowes of a troubled head.

Manent Cullen, & Peter. Exit Palsgraue led in.

Cullen. How faine would valour sicknes ouercom?
But his infirmity denyes such power.
And I am more grieued for his weake estate,
Then for our late great losse.

Peter. *Palsgraue* may helpe him.
And as I liu'de a fellow amongst Hermits,
I learnt some skill that has curde many a Prince.
See him safe guarded from his enemies.
And on my life I will recouer him. (Fleete,

Cullen. Wee are strong enough to waste him to his
And when the Enemy shall misse him here,
Theyle turne their conquering Force another way,
And goe for *Spayne*.

Peter. My Kingdome.

Cullen. To subdue it.

Peter. Let them proceed, but when hee has got his strength, theyle rue their boldnesse; Meane time trust to mee. For next to Heauen Ile cure his maladie.

Enter olde Fitzwaters, and his Steward. Exeunt.

Old Fitz: Thou art his hand, the agent of his thoughts,

And

And onely enginor, by which he works
Some dangerous plot to blow his Honour vp:
Is 't possible my Sonne should be from Court
So often, and the cause vnknowne to thee,
That art his bosome-friend, his Counseller?
Stew. I know no cause except to take the ayre.
Old Fyth. My wrath shall finde another in thy brest.
Know that thou tread'st on thy last foote of earth,
From whence is no remooue, but to the graue:
Flye me thou canst not, and to make resistance,
Will draw vpon thee for one Lyons rage,
All the whole denne. *Offers to kill him.*
Stew. Hold, and Ile tell your Honour.
Know that his vsuall haunt is to the house
Of the Lord *Clynton*, whither he is gone
To see his Daughter, whom he does affect.
Old. Doats he on my betrothed, my Loue, my wife?
Had he the liues of many hopefull sonnes
Incorporate with his owne, my rage is such
I should destroy them all, ere lose my Loue.
But how does she affect him?
Stew. As her life:
Alleadging, that the Contract made to you,
Was by constraint to please her honour'd Father:
But he was precontracted, first made sure.
And this I heard her speake, with pearled teares;
Then Loue, no passion ought to be more free,
Nor any agreement like that sympathie.
Old Fyth. I haue put on *Dianiras* poysoned shirt
In the discourse, and euery word cleaues to me
As deadly in the apprehension,
As that which kill'd the Iew-borne *Hercules*.
But wherefore doe I combat with my selfe,
That haue a greater enemie to curbe?
Oh, but he is my sonne! What is a sonne?

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The effect of a sweete minute, he shall dye,
Being my pleasure to effect my pleasure:
Attend me where he is, I may destroy him.

Exeunt.

Enter a Page.

Page. I haue a sweete Office, to be Gentleman Porter to a backe dore; but tis for a Lady, the best beauty in England: and if there be any Pandering in the businesse, though I am accessary i'the fee, because I liue by it, I haue no knowledge in the fault. Many a Courtier would be glad of my place, yet I hold it not by pattent, for terme of life, nor for yeeres: but as young Gentlemen get Venison vpon sufferance or by stealth. If the Lord *Clynton* should haue notice of this Key or euidence, by which the young Lord *Fythwaters* is conueyed to his Daughter against his will, though shee be his Wife by a precontract, I might bee conueyed to the Porters-lodge. But if all Court-secrets come to light, what will become of the Farthingales thinke you that couer them? No, since Ladies weare Whale-bones, many haue beene swallowed, and so may this. Heere comes the Young Lord.

Enter Young Fythwaters.

Y. Fyt. Alwaies at hand, thy carefulnesse is great:
Where is thy Lady?

Pag. Walking in the Garden.

Y. Fyt. So early, then I see loues the best larke;
For the Corne builder has not warbled yet
His mornings Carroll to the rising Sunne.
There's for thy paines.

Page. I thanke your Lordship. And now like the Keeper of a prison, hauing my fee, tis fit I should turne the Key. You know the way to my Ladies chamber.

Y. Fyth. I doe. *Exit Young Fythwaters.*

Pag. Sure

Page. Sure liberallitie was a louer, or he would nere
Be so bountifull: some thinke it a chargeable thing to
keepe a Woman of any eminent fashion, and so tis;
but to keepe them as I doe vnder locke and key, and
suffer none to enter but such liberall Gentlemen, is
the onely way to make a rich Keeper. I must walke
still to watch his comming foorth.

Enter old Fythwaters and Steward.

O. Fyt. You haue beene with the Lord *Clynton?*

Stew. And he promist to meete you in the Garden
couertly.

O. Fyth. Is this the place?

Stew. And this is the Ladyes *Page* that lets him in.

Page. Helpe, helpe. *Stop his mouth.*

O. Fyth. If you bellow here, you breath your last; by
Backe dores, come sir along with me. (waies,
If that her father meete, as I desire,
Whats but a sparke, will prooue a mount of fire.
Locke the dore after vs.

Steward. My Lord I will. *Exeunt all.*

*Enter in the Garden, Floramell the Lord Clyntons
Daughter, and Young Fythwaters.*

They sit on a banke.

Flo. The delian Lute is not more Musicall
Then thy sweete voyce, Oh my *Apollo* speake,
That with the wrapture of thy words, my soule
May be intranst, and wish no other ioyes:
That by the discord of two Broken harps,
(Old and vnfit for Louers harmony)
Our ioyes should suffer a distate of feare;
And in our most delights a qualme of griefe
Runne like a vayne of Lead through a Gold-mine.

*Olde Fyth-waters and the Lord Clynton
come behinde, and ouer-heare them.*

Flo. We

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Flo. We grow too iealous of our proſperous daies,
Making an euill, where no ill is meant:
Like hallowed ground, loue ſanctifies this place,
And will not ſuffer danger to intrude.
Here we are ringd in earthly Paradiſe,
And may haue all the heauen to our ſelues:
Be then Miſtruſt an exile from my breſt,
Where liues no iealouſie, dwells preſent reſt.

Clyn. But wee'l diſturbe it, & your amorous ioyes.

Y. Fyt. Our Fathers preſent; Sweet, we are betraid.

O. Fyt. Betrayd to death: why doe you hold my (Sword?
There's greater fury kindled in my breſt,
Then can be quencht by any thing but blood:
I ſhall turne frantique if you brand the Sea
Of my diſpleaſure in ſuch narrow bounds,
And with a Deluge, equall to the firſt,
That ouer-ſpred the world, ſwell vp ſo high,
Till not a Mountaine ouer-looke the ſtreame,
Nor heauen be ſeene for Riuers of the Land.

Y. Fyt. If I could feare the wauing of a Sword,
Mine enemies had frighted me ere now;
But I'me invaluable, like my minde,
Not to be wounded but with darts of loue;
And I as little eſtimate a Father
In theſe Pathaires, as he eſteemes my griefe.
There's no preoritie in loues high Court
Graunted vnto the Father 'fore the Sonne;
But like the pureſt gouernment of all,
Euery mans minde is his owne Monarchy:
Where reaſon nere ſet foote to make a law,
Shall common ſenſe keepe one, that were abſurd.

O. Fyt. Wouldſt fight with me?

Y. Fyt. Not if you will forbeare me;
But in a warre defenſiue I will ſtand
Againſt an Army of my Auncеſtors,
Did their enfranchiz'd ſoules break ope their tombes,

And

And reassum'd their bodyes as they liu'd,
In their full pride and youthfull iollity.
O. Fy. Let Rauens perch vpon these blossomd trees,
Night Owles their stations in this Garden keepe,
And euery ominous portence draw neere:
For here Ile offer vnto *Hecate*,
A hellish sacrifice in a sonnes blood.
Clyn. I feele an Earth-quake in my trembliug flesh,
And my well boding *Genius* bids me draw
A sword of vengeance on this hastie Lord,
Ere suffer him to be a pariside.
O. Fyth. Will the Lord *Clyntou* buckler out my foe?
Clyn. No, but restraine you from a wilfull murther.
Flo. And like the best oblation for your wrath,
Loe, I the subiect of this variance fall
prostrate on my knee, to suffer death,
Ere such a rude act, most vnfather-like,
Be put in practise on so good a sonne.
O. Fyth. Good to deceiue me.
Y. Eyth. The deceit is yours.
O. Fyth. Forsweare him, and I shall rest satisfied.
Flora. Neuer.
Y. Fyth. Nor I.
O. Fyth. Giue way.
Y. Fyth. I neede no buckler.
Clyn. I stand not here to offend, but to defend
Your liues and honour gainst so vile an act
Would blurre the Conquerors fame perpetually,
Making your swords the furies fire-brands,
Bath'd so vnnaturally in others blood.
Where neither Honour, nor Religion springs,
Tis better farre such combats be vnfought:
I know your pleas, her father has my graunt,
You her affection got against my will:
The place whereon you stand is our owne ground,
And here tis fit I abritrate the cause.

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Mongst reasonable men peace is held good:
None loue dissention, but they thirst for blood.
O. Fyt. Counsel preuailes, I am glad he is not slaine.
Y. Fyt. I liue with ioy, that I'me no Father-killer.
Clyn. Will you subscribe to what we shall inioyne?
Old Fyth. & Y. Fyt. We doe.
Clyn. In briefe tis this. You must forbeare my house,
And neuer more be seene within my gates.
Y. Fyt. This is extreame.
O. Fyt. I haue a heauier doome,
Which on my curse I charge thee to obserue:
Which is, That instantly thou leaue the Land,
And trouble me no more to get her loue.
Y. Fyt. How am I crost!
Flor. How is my heart tormented!
Y. Fyt. Yet I haue all the world to trafique in,
Except in England, and your Honoues house:
But as the dissolution of the soule
From such a body as desires to loue,
Is burthensome and grieuous to the man;
Such is my heart disseuered from my Loue.
Flo. And such is mine to lose thy company.
Y. Fyt. You are cruell to impose a curse vpon me,
That sentence is extreame, I feele it worke.
More deadly on my grieued faculties,
Then to haue dyed vpon my fathers sword:
For now mine owne woes must destroy my selfe.
And thats a murther worse then paracide. *Exit Y. Fyt.*
Flora. My knife shall end me.
Old Fyth. Hold thy desperate hand,
Would'st make our Nuptialls proue a Tragedy?
Flo. I would, and be inhum'd within the ground,
Rather then measure out a hated bed.
Clyn. Neuer regard the passions of a woman,
They are wily creatures, and haue learnt this wit,
Where they loue most, best to dissemble it.

O. Fyt. If

O. Fyt. If that proue so, my heart wil be the lighter.
Manet Steward. *Exeunt.*

Stew. I haue done an act will make me odious
To all succeeding times, betrayde my friend:
But here he comes, Ile stay and speake with him.

Enter young Fytzwaters.

Y. Fyt. Careleſſe of foes, of father, or his curſe,
Come I againe to challenge *Floramell*,
Which I ſuſpect the *Steward* has betrayde.

Stew. Within my breſt bathe a reuengefull ſword,
Loe, I oppoſe it to your greateſt wrath:
Yet if you ſaw the counſells of my heart,
There you may reade, twas not I but feare
That was the Authour of your loues betraying;
Your angry father threatned me with death,
And I had no euaſion but to tell it:
But if your Lordſhip pleaſe to pardon me,
Ile lay a plot to helpe you to your Loue.

Y. Fyt. He that is once falſe, will be neuer true.

Stew. Then wherefore ſerues repentance?

Y. Fyt. Well, proceede.

Stew. Set downe the place where I ſhall finde your (Honour,
And if I bring not thither *Floramell*,
At our next meeting take away my life.

Y. Fyt. Meete me at Yorkehouſe.

Stew. Ile be there ere long.
I haue done amiſſe, and will amend the wrong. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Fythwaters, Clynton, and a Biſhoppe.

Clyn. The Bride not vp, and the Archbiſhop come,
Some call her downe.

O. Fyt. Welcome my reuerend Lord.
Doe not you Biſhops vſe ſometimes to dreame?

Biſh. We haue the ſame incitements of the blood

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That others haue, and in our phantasies
We see strange shapes, and diuers things to follow.
Clyn. What was your dreame to night?
Bish. As I remember,
Himen was turn'd into a *Mercury*,
And hee's the Patron of all slye deceits.
But whats my dreame to your affayres my Lord?
O. Fyt. That such another dreame I had last night:
And if I should be cheated of my Bride,
Twere a strange premonition.
Clyn. Feare it not, see where shee comes.

Enter the Page, dresst in one of Floramells Gownes, wearing a Maske. Floramell and the Steward aboue.

O. Fyth. March forwards to the Church. *Exeunt Lords and Page.*
Ste. So, whilst he takes your place, we are for York-house.
Flora. I come *Fythwaters* flying.
Stew. Let's away.

Enter young Fythwaters.

Y. Fy. The stay of my faire Mistris makes me wilde,
Sure I shall neuer more behold her face;
The *Stewards* false, and *Floramell* may change.
Ile therefore giue a period to my griefe,
And in dispayre finish what life denyes:
Yet ere I dye, let all the World this know,
A Womans loue procur'd my ouerthrow.

Enter the Steward and Floramell.

Y. Fith. My *Floramell*, to Sea. *Exeunt.*

Enter from Church, old Fythwaters, Clynton, Bishop, and the Page discouered.

O. Fyth. Oh my distracted soule, this is extreame,

Gull'd

Gull'd with a Boy, dreſt in your Daughters gowne:
This is a croſſe that patience cannot beare.
Clynton. Who was the cauſe of this, ſpeake;
Wheres my Daughter?
Pvge. Fledde to your Sonne.
The Steward layd the plot; What I haue done
Was for my Ladies ſake.
Old Fitzw: That Steward is a Villaine.
Clinton. Lets goe ſeeke him.
Take ſeuerall ſtreetes, but let your meeting be
At the Water-ſide, leaſt they ſhould flee to Sea.
Old Fi. To the water ſide; Lord *Biſhop* keep the boy.
Exeunt Old Fitzwater and Clynton.
Biſhop. I will.
My Dreame is falne out right, *Hymen* is chang'd
Into a ſlye deceyuing *Mercurie*:
But tis moſt requiſite, they that doe wrong
Should feele the penaltie by ſuffering it.
I witneſſe can the Young Lordes precontract,
Bad Fathers that infringe a holy act.
Exeunt.

Enter King Edward diſguiſed like a priuate man, a Lord with him.

King. This day I thinke I promiſed the Lord *Clinton*
To be his Gueſt.
Lord. It was my Liege this Day.
King. I haue diſmiſt my Traine to ſteale vpon him,
But whats the reaſon all things are ſo quiet?
A Lordes houſe at ſo great a Cerimonie
As is a Marriage, ſhould be like a Court:
Multitudes thronging vp and downe like waues,
And the Gate kept with an Officious porter,
To giue kinde entertainment to all Commers;
Heres no ſuch a matter.
Lord. Here *Olde Fitzwater:* comes.
Enter Olde Fitzwaters.

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O. Fyt. Some Pegasus has borne her from my sight
For nere a horse I keepe can ouertake them:
By all coniectures they are gone to Sea,
And Shipt by this.
King. His Bride.
Lord. Belike tis so.
O. Fyt. Some whirle-winde follow them;
And making the Ocean rougher then my brow,
Yee dauncing *Porpusses* caper aloft,
And mud the white foame with your ietty backs;
A perfect signe a tempest is at hand.
Rise from the bottome of the deepe ye *Whales*,
And ouerturne the Shippe that carryes them:
But let a *Dolphin* saue my *Floramell*,
And backe vnto the hauen guide her safe.
As for the boy, make him your watry pray,
Eate him aliue, that he may heare his bones
Crash in the iawes of the *Leuiathan*:
But saue his head for me to know him by,
Authour of all my griefe and misery.
King. Ile interrupt his passion.
Lord. Stay my Liege.
You shall heare more, here comes the other Father.

Enter Clynton.

Clyn. How now my Lord, haue you surprizd your (Bride?
Old. I thinke thy trechery conueyd her hence,
And by thy meanes another was attyr'd
In her habilaments to vexe me thus.
Clyn. You highly wrong me.
Old. I would right you better,
Were I assur'd of your close tretchery.
Clyn. Threaten me?
Old. With no more then Ile performe.
Clyn. Not in cold blood.
Old. No, but in blood like fire.

Clyn.

Clinton. In choller, passion and a crazed braine,
But when you haue slept vpon your menaces,
You will not then make good a noble challenge,
And enter single combate like a Lord.
Old Fitz. There lie my gage I dare thee to the field,
And will auer without the aduice of sleepe,
That thou wert priuy to the Stewards blot. (dare.
Clint. Ile take your gage, and meet you when you
King. But we'le not suffer it, that loue the liues
Of euery subiect, much more of our Peeres:
And as for you *Fitz-waters*, that are growne
Hotter then I exspected from your age,
Except you can produce good witnesses,
That *Clinton* has deceiu'd you of your Bride,
Ile stay the combate or impriſon you.
Fitz. I cannot prooue it, but I thinke tis so. (gage.
King. Correct such thoughts, and giue him back his
Fitz. Withall my heart. (*giues bake the gage.*
King. *Clinton* I am satisfied.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter which he offers to the King.

King How now, what newes bring you?
Messenger Letters my Liege from the *Count Palatine*
King. Our noble friend *Bauaria's* valiant Duke.
Messenger From him my Leige.
King. Weele read them instantly.

The Contents of the Letter.

Alls lost, our elected friend *Sauoy* taken prisoner, with him *Bohemia*, and *Brandenburgh*; sickenesse would not suffer mee to weare Armour, but by the helpe of the Royall Hermit, *Peter* the King of *Spayne* your friend and Beadesman I am recouered. The *Bastard* is made Emperour, and has shipt himselfe for *Spaine*, whither I purpose to saile to hinder his

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His intendements, If I suruiue the Battell, and be conquerour. Ile vnfitte you in *England*, except the Sea be my Sepulcher.

Your Friend in Armes,
ROBERT the Palsgraue.

Ill newes, not suddenly to be amended,
The *Palsgraues* sickneſſe was the greateſt loſſe.
The *Baſtard* Crownd, vncrowne him if thou canſt,
Thou that art matchleſſe for thy Chiualrie.
Send but his head from *Spayne*, to tread vpon,
And I ſhould count it an vnvalued gift.
As for good *Sauoy*, and his *Germaine* Friends,
Ere long Ile ſet them free, or make the foyle
That holds them priſoners a Marſh-ground for blood,
Till I heare newes from *Spayne* of good ſucceſſe.
Each day I liue will be a yeare of griefe.
Clynton. Pleaſeth my Liege to lay aſide your ſorrow,
And with your Royall perſon grace my houſe,
Clynton will holde it an exceeding fauour.
Old Fitzw: So will *Fitzwaters* gratious ſoueraigne.
And though this day looke blacke with my diſgrace,
Your Royall preſence whites an *Æthyops* face.
King. I accept your kindneſſe, & wilbe your Gueſt.

Exeunt.

Enter the Palsgraue, Cullen: and Peter the King of Spayne, Drum, Cullors, and Soldiors.

Palſg. Next vnto heauen to you, we giue the praiſe,
Moſt zealous King for our recouery,
And now my Lord of *Cullen* ſhew your ſelfe,
As good a Souldier as a Cleargie man.
In ſtead of Beades now vſe a Martiall ſword.
For here in *Spayne* where the Blacke *Prince* incampte,
And made the *Baſtard* flie, our Tents are pitcht,
And the prowde Foe comes with a Spleene inrag'de,
To driue vs from *Mazieres*; *Harry* ſhall know,

As

As hee has Kingly blood within his veynes,
And is a *Cæsar*, hee shall meete with *Cæsars*.
Cullen. I heare their Drummes.
Peter. And I reioyce to heare them,

Enter to them the Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.
Bastard. The *Palsgraue* heere, now wee shall haue
Your voyce to our Election, or for that your life.
Saxon. You were sicke in *Germanie*.
Palsgraue. But now recouered,
And hither come to beate you out of *Spaine*.
Trier. He beares himself, as he were sure to cõquer.
Mentz. And looks more like a *Ioue* then like a man.
Palsgraue. I hold my thunder here, & my right arme
Has vigor in it, when you feele my blowes
To giue you cause to call them Thunderboltes.
If there be any in this Martiall Troope
That with a Soldiours face, has a bold heart,
And dares auerre that this religious prince
Is not the lawfull and true King of *Spaine*,
I will make good his Title by the sword,
And against that prowde combattant oppose
My selfe as challenger to fight for him.
Bastard. I dare take vp your gage, and answere you.
But that I should impaire this dayes renowne,
By giuing desperate men such meanes to dye,
Who for you know your Armie weake, and fewe
Would hazard that vpon a single fight.
Which in the Battell you are sure to loose,
No Foxlike pollicie shall blind my sight,
But that Ile see the ruine of you all.
This day ith Field, thine *Palsgraue* and the rest,
He combats well tips vp an Armyes brest.
Saxon. Ile answer his prowd challenge. (& power.
Bast. We forbid it, that are your *Emperor*, both in stile
Saxon. In stile, but not in power, that stregth is mine,

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Except youle be forsworne.
Bastard. This for an Oath,
Th'art but the step by which I did ascend,
And being vp, rest there till I descend.
Saxon. Youle answere this anon.
Bastard. Here, or else-where.
Didst euer know a *Cesar* that could feare.
Saxon. Ile stabbe the *Bastard*.
Trier. Worthy Duke desist. (*Stayes him.*
Palsg: No Combat then will be accepted of.
Bastard. In general, with our powers in the opē field,
But not betwixt the Generalls priuately.
Palsgr: Then you are Cowardes all.
Ile so proclaime you in my thundring Drums,
And by the gloryes that I hope to win,
Proue it this day to thy perpetuall shame:
But to a hartlesse foe words are but vaine.
Alarum Drum, that showres of blood may raigne.
Exeunt omnes.

Alarum, The Bastards side beaten off.
Enter in an exrision Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.
Bastard. It shall be treason to my Fame to day,
If I encounter any Foe ith field,
Till I haue combatted this drunken *Saxon*.
Saxon. How Bastard, how?
Bast. Bastard!
Saxon. What else?
Thou wert twice misbegotten, once in Nature,
And secondly, in being any prides defalt,
By which thou art a Bastard Emperour.
Bastard. Stand from about me, or Ile strike you dead
Mentz. Remēber where you are amongst your foes,
Who by your discord may destroy vs all.
And this aduantage of your variance
Giues them the victorie with easinesse.
If not for your owne Honours and your liues,

For-

Forbeare for ours.

Trier. They shall not combat here:
Ile make my Rotchet crimson like your Colours,
Ere I stand by and suffer such a wrong.

Sax. How these braue Churchmen talke.

Bast. Are you in your Pulpits? *Strikes the Bishops on their Targets, and fights with Saxon.*

Enter Palsgraue, Peter, and Cullen, with Souldiers.

Trier. Here's those will strike you.

Bast. What, the *Palsgraue* come!

Sax. Emperour be wise, & ioyne thy force to mine,
Till we haue driuen away the enemy,
And then returne to our old variance.

Ba. I am *Saxons* till the *Palsgraue* dye or fly. (glory,

Pa. You should haue fought stil, twould haue bin my
To haue giuen ayme, & then the conqueror conquerd:
But what your variance leaues vnfinish here,
Ile end with the destruction of you both.

Bast. We feare you not.

Pals. Vpon them valiant friends.

Charge vpon them, and the Bastard taken Prisoner on the Stage, Saxon and the Bishops beaten off.

Saxon is fled, *Cæsar* my captiue is,
I must not lose him; guard the Emperour sure,
Whilst I pursue the Duke.

Peter. We will.

Bast. Am I your prisoner?

Peter. Not so good, my slaue.

Cullen. To trample on, or vse as he likes best.

Bast. We are Brothers.

Peter. Now: but in your high estate,
No greater enemy then you had I.

Cul. Best that we guide him to the *Palsgraues* Tent.

Enter Saxon with two swords, and meetes them.

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Saxon. Although he be Ambitious, and my Foe,
Honour commaunds mee that I reskew him.
That I may haue the honour of his death,
When we trye Maisteries in a single fight.
Peter. Tis *Saxon*, Guarde him sure.
Cullen. To our best power.
Saxon. No further, if you meane to saue your liues.
The *Palsgraues* slaine, his blood wreakes on my sword,
And I aduise you for your owne discharge,
To giue this valiant *Emperour* libertie.
Peter. Not whilst wee liue.
Saxon. Helpe to release your selfe.
Saxon giues him a sworde.
Bastard. Most willingly.
They beate of Cullen the King of Spayne.
Thanks for your paines, but yet we will be Foes.
Saxon. To horse, to horse, and talke of that elswhere.
Exeunt.

Enter againe Cullen and Peter.

Peter. This was the most ill chance that euer hapned.
Cullen. He saide he had slaine the *Palsgraue*.
Peter. Twas his cunning to astonish vs with feare, but
If he liue, how shall we answer him for this mischance.
Cullen. See where he comes, I would the storm were (past.

Enter Palsgraue.

Palsgraue. I lost him in the preasse, his snowy steed
Was crimsond ouer with the blood of men,
And Lyon-like he fought with all his strength,
But since the *Emperour* is my prisoner,
I shall the lesse regard the Dukes escape.
Peter. Oh Noble Syr, we haue deceiued your trust,
And lost the Iewell you bad vs keepe.
Caesar by *Saxon* is redeemd and fledde,
And wee remaine in griefe for his escape.
Palsgraue. When Fortune is disposd to crosse a man.

Valour and foresight are of no effect:
Releast by *Saxon*, and his Keepers liue:
You are not as I thought you, valiant men:
But worse then these that runne away for feare.
He should haue made passage through my heart,
Ere scapt from me by *Saxon* or his powers:
But now it is too late to follow him;
And the whole Field is made a liquid Sea,
Sinke may they both into the crimson fenne.
But why should they sinke, you deserue it best:
From henceforth Ile nere take a Spaniards part,
Except he had a farre more valiant heart. (please.
Peter. Let my blood speake for me, faire words dis-
Palsg. Well, since I thinke twas weakenes and not
By which they are escapt, I calme my spleene, (will,
And rest content that we haue woon the field.
After you are establisht in your Throne,
Ile sayle to England to regreete the King:
And then to Germany, where if we meete
Bauaria's, ayres shall be his winding sheete.
Retreat, retreat, and thanke heauen for the day.

Enter Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Saxon. At your requests my Lords, I am contented
To receiue this *Emperour* into grace and fauour.
Bast. He flouts me, would you haue me suffer this?
At their requests they haue requested me
To allay my spleene, and take thee into fauour.
Mentz. Theyle nere be friends.
Trier. Lets leaue them both to fight.
Bastard. Away.
Saxon. We le leaue you elfe.
Mentz. We are a going. *Exeunt Bishops.*
Bast. So, now I will imagine that this ground
Is all the Empire that my greatnesse swayes:
And that the heads of many rebell Subiects

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Are plaste on thee; that striking off thy head,
I cut off halfe a Nation at a blow.
Sax. And I the Emperours of a Nation.
Fight, and Saxon is downe.
Why dost not kill me, since tis in thy power?
Bast. Thou sau'dst my life, for that Ile set the free.
Sax. *Cæsar*, thou art a Noble enemie;
Hencefoorth I vow to relinquish euery ill
That may displease thee, and obey thy will.
Bast. Such be my conquests ouer those I loue.
As they embrace,
Enter Trier and Cullen. (their anger.
Mentz. So, they are friends, they haue fought away
Sax. Has conquer'd me with courtesie and valour.
Men. Then now to counsel how we shall proceede
In this most dangerous warre against the *Palsgraue*,
Who as I heare by firme intelligence.
Meanes with his Fleete to touch the English Shore,
And draw the valiant *Edward* to his part.
Bast. If such a day come, twill be blacke to vs:
For of all Nations in the world, I hate
To deale with Englishmen, they conquer so.
Saxon. Follow his example, and lets get a King
To take our part, as well as they haue done:
France has beene wasted by their crueltie,
And cannot but in spleene desire reuenge,
Were he sollicited to be our friend,
We should with the more ease be conquerers.
Mentz. Send thither.
Trier. Or sayle thither.
Bast. Thats the best:
But shall we onely build our hopes on strength;
I thinke twere good to peece the Lyons skinne
Where it too short falls, with the Foxes skinne,
A couple of Protean villaines I haue ready,
For any dangerous attempt in peace,

And they can poyson, stab, and lye in wayte
Like Serpents, to intrappe and cease their prey,
Mendoza and *Vandome*, those are the men:
Let them be call'd in.
Mentz. They are heare, great *Cæsar.*

Enter Vandome and Mendoza.

Van. Most mightie Emperour, whats your Highnes (will?
Bast. That vnto England presently you sayle,
And there consort you with the Earle of *Artoyes*,
A Frenchman borne, but one that loues vs well;
Let him and you send vs intelligence
Of the proceedings of the English King,
With the haughty *Palsgraue*, giue the Earle this Letter,
By which yee may winne credit in his trust:
And er't be long I will deuise a plot,
Which you shall mannage, for the generall good.
Be carefull, as you doe respect our loue,
And hope for gold in showres; meane time take this.
Mend. Your will shall be obey'd.
Vand. It shall be done.
Sax. Great *Ioue* can say no more:
That State thriues best that has such Slaues in store.
Bast. See our Fleet ready; and yee swelling gales,
That blow the good houres, fill our empty sayles.
Exeunt.

Enter the King, the Queene, and Poytieres.

F. King. My Lord of *Poytieres*, as you are inform'd,
Where meanes the Emperour and his traine to land?
Poyt. Here at this towne of Bulleigne, & the newes
Is certaine that his Mightinesse is neere.
Qu. How angry has the heauens bin with the sea,
That it hath boyld so much, and cast the sands

Into

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Into such mountaines that they ouer-looke
The bounds that held them in.
F. King. Well may our friends
Escape the danger of this heauy storme:
Small gusts at Land, make a whole Fleete at Sea;
And whilst our Cities keepe vs from their rage,
The Rocks beate them, as Tennis-Courts doe balles.
Ide haue an Atheist trauell through the deepe,
And he shall see such wonders, that his soule
Would make him soone beleeue there is a God.
But what fayre Gentlewoman haue we here,
Which is a Ship-wrack't creature, comes a shore?

Enter Floramell.

Flo. All wet and weary with a boysterous storme,
At last I haue set my foote vpon the Land;
I tremble as a Feauer shooke my ioynts,
But tis the Ocean that has frozen me:
Drop there thou moysture of a swelling Flood.
And let me see, no Fisher-man at hand,
To tell me in what Coast I am arriu'd:
Alas I see none, I shall dye with cold.
Q. Poytiers speake to her, giue the woman comfort.
Poyt. How is it with pretty Gentlewoman?
Flor. Sir, I am very cold, and wet, and ill,
Would you could helpe me to a little fire
To dry my selfe, and I would pray for you.
Poyt. Tis now no time to reason of your state:
Here take my Cloake. *A taffata Cloake.*
Flora. Alasse Sir, tis but thinne,
And makes me shake the more to thinke vpon't:
I would be lifted into warmer Roabes,
If I could meete with some kinde Gentlewoman.
Qu. Make vse of me, you shall not want for helpe.
Flo. You seeme to be of a Maiestique state;
What should a poore distressed Gentlewoman,

Trouble

Trouble a person of such eminence?

F. King. Thy state wants present pitty, women take

Flo. I haue seene a King ere now, (it

And by your Diadem you should be one:

Pray, rather let me dye then trouble you.

Qu. Tis perfect charitie to helpe the poore:

Yet by these Iewels, you should beare a place,

If not amongst the Royall, with the Noble.

Flo. Indeede I am but a poore Gentlewoman,

Punisht for wearing Iewels in a storme:

But I haue lost a husband whom I lou'd,

For marying whom, I haue endur'd this crosse;

And now his friends, if they should finde me out,

Would finish what the storme has left vndone.

Queene. His name?

Flo. Twas *Infortunio*, as mine is,

With the alteration of a letter onely.

Quee. Good *Infortuna* goe along with me,

Ile finde some helpe for this thy misery.

Flo. May the Sea neuer vse you of this fashion;

I take your courtesie, and will attend.

Exeunt Queene and Floramell.

F. K. Young, fayre, and louely, is she not *Poyters*?

Poyt. She is a comely, and a sweet Genlewoman.

F. King. In my opinion shee's the fayrest creature

Nature ere made.

Poyt. In loue my gracious Liege? (strange.

F. K. What and my Queen aliue, that would seeme

Poyt. Loue does regard no person, nor the time.

F. King. Loue is a power will ouer-rule a King.

Poyt. Finding her honest, though of meane estate,

You may doe well to rayse poore vertue vp,

And marry her to some great Nobleman.

F. K. Ile thinke of that hereafter: now, the newes?

Enter Queene.

Qu. The Emperour and the Electors are arriu'd.

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Enter Bastard, Saxon, Mentz, and Trier.

Bast. Health to the Maiestie and Seate of *France*.

F. King. As welcome hither is your Mightinesse,
As if you were arriu'd in *Germany*.

Bast. I thanke King *Iohn*.

F. King. *Saxon*, with *Mentz*, and *Trier*.

Saxon. We rest your louing friend for Warre.

Trier. For Counsell.

F. King. And Counsell is as great a friend as War.

Mentz. It hath preuaild as much.

Quæne. Thrice welcome all.

Bast. The storme has kept vs ouerlong at Sea:
But Mighty King of France, worse stormes then these
Haue and will shake vs, if you helpe vs not:
All things goe Backwards, that should bode vs good;
And he that is Conqueror already,
The haughty *Palsgraue*, is to England sayld,
To ioyne with *Edward* in our ouerthrow.

F. K. We haue felt the valour of the English King,
And of his sonne, the *Blacke Prince* now deceased:
Withes *Poytiers* and *Cressey*, where our blood
Royall, although it be sau'd to make clay
Moyst with the showers, and temper the dry earth:
When I and all my sonnes were prisoners tane,
And had to England to be wondred at:
Ransom'd although I was, it grieues me much
I cannot doe the like vnto my foe.

Sa. Let your French Souldiers ioyne themselues with (ours,
And weele inuade his Kingdome.

Bast. And constraine him & the *Palsgraue* to the like

Me. Fortune was neuer stedfast vnto any. (disgrace.
But like the Ocean that bounds in the Land,
Both ebbs and flowes according to the Moone.

Quee. But if I might aduise your Maiestie,
By former losses you should be more wise,
Then hazzard *France* againe to the like spoyle:

Edward

Edward is fortunate in all his warres;
And wise men will not striue against the streame:
Therefore be circumspect, and keepe your owne.
F. K. This theame our counsel shal at large discusse,
Till when, to England weele Ambassage send,
To aduise King *Edward* not to be our foe,
Least it offend vs, that are friends to both:
If the Doue speede not, weele the Serpent proue.
Sax. And winne by craft, what may not be by loue.
Who shall haue that imployment? (and turbulent.
Bast. Not your Honor, because your spirit is rough
F. K. No, if I might intreat these reuerend Bishops,
By them I would direct this Embassie:
Since it concernes them, it behooues they stirre,
Who know the sweetes, will cause no warre.
Trier. Weele vndertake it, if the Emperour please.
Bast. When I send thither, it shall be in thunder:
Yet as the French King orders it proceede. (base,
F. K. You know your charge, be milde, but yet not
Though we giue ground, we will not lose our place.
Manet Saxon. *Exeunt.*
Saxon. Euen now a bold conceit hath entered me,
And thats to visit England in disguise:
As well to further our conspiracie
Against the *Palsgraue* and King *Edwards* life,
As to surueigh the Country, and obserue
What Hauens best to entertaine a Fleete:
The English Nation with my soule I hate,
And would doe any thing to winne the State. *Exit.*

Enter Edward, Clynton, olde Fytzwaters, the Palsgraue, Cullen, and others.

King. Not possible my Lords to finde those men?
Are they so wily to deceiue vs all?
Sure they are harboured by some neere about,
That does affect the English Diadem: (Crowne.
He's worse then mad would ayme at Englands

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Though the *Blacke Prince* be dead, so many sonnes
I haue left to gouerne, which marres their rule.
Edward himselfe has left a hopefull heyre,
The Princely *Richard* to inherit it.
plots yet, tricks yet, well we must hope the best.
Pals. I rather thinke the ill was aymd at me,
Because I came to moouе your Maiestie
For the deposing of the Emperour:
And it is knowne the *Bastard* is my foe,
Witnesse the Warres in *Germany* and *Spayne*:
Treasour by him is euermore in act,
His brayne coynes faster then the English Mynt;
Tretcherous proceedings, gold has many friends:
And he must be a man of excellent vertue
Whom it corrupts not. Howsoere, I am sorry
The Saylors did escape.
Clyn. Here are their cases. 2. *Saylors canuas Suits.*
Vnder the which I thinke were better cloathes,
And for their Steedes, thought could not be more (quicke,
Or we had tooke them.
O Fyz. They were swift indeed.
King. As swiftly with their flight vanish our feares.
And now most Noble *Palsgraue* of the Rheine,
Thinke your selfe welcome to the English Court:
And reuerend *Cullen.*
Cullen. I doe thanke your Grace.
King. Your Father lou'd me well, and for his sake,
As well as for your owne, Ile honour you:
And after feasting we will try your force
In friendly manner at a Tournament,
Which as I thinke, you haue prepard my Lords.
O. F. We haue my Liege, & the most youthful blood
That the Court yeelds will shew their Chiualdry,
In honour of *Bauaria's* Royall Duke.
Palsg. Let him sit fast that shall contend with me,
Or I shall shake him, be he nere so Royall:

I shew no fauour when I am in Armes,
Nor looke for any from my Opposites.
But Turnaments are reuels made for sport,
And hee runnes well, that gets a good report, (you.
King: Weele trie your valour, & perchance run with
Leade on. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Earle of Artoise.

Artoise. The discontented *English* like to mee,
Hates all delight, I and the Court it selfe:
To lead a priuate life, where they may plot
Reuenge on those that are theyr opposites.
Not many yeares past, who but I esteem'd,
King *Edward* has vpon my shoulder leand,
And thankt mee in mine eare many a time,
For making *Fraunce* his, I betraid *Valoys*
My soueraigne King, in *England* to get grace:
And now I lookte to be a Duke at least:
Artoise is sleighted as a thing forgot,
But I haue sent my Attendant to the Court,
And if he speed not, I shall proue as false
Edward to thee, as to my Natiue *French.*

Enter a Seruant.

Seruant. The King is not at leysure
To listen to your sute; All his thoughts now
Are taken vp to giue the *Palsgraue* grace,
Who is come to Court, and meanes to Turney there
Art. Treason run with them, or soun dagerous plot,
Take life and being to destroy them both;
Must my affaires giue place vnto a *Palsgraue?*
T'was I that quartered with the *English* Lyons,
The Armes of *France*, in opening *Edwards* Title,
Which but for mee had in obliuion slept,
Then I was as the *Palsgraue* in his brest,
My sight his foode, my saying, his harts rest.
Who's that, that knocks? look forth, & bring vs word?
Seru. A couple of Gentlemē would speak with you.

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Arto. Let them com in, were they a pair of mischiefs,
They are welcome now. For I haue thoughts like Hell,
blacke and confusde.

Enter Vandome and Mendozze.

Seru. These are the Gentlemen.

Vandome. Our busines is to you most noble *Artoise*,
The *Emperour* does salute you in this Letter,
And prayes you by the Honour of an *Earle*,
You faile not to conioyne your ayde with ours,
About some plot against his Enemies. (plot.

Artoise. The Letter speaks the words, but names no

Mendo: Tis not deuisd as yet, but ere lóg great *Cæsar*
Will set it downe, and send it to vs all.
Now as his Mightinesse desires is this,
That you giue shelter to vs while wee stay
For his Affaires in *England*, and your pension
Which euery yeare you haue receiued from him,
Shall from henceforth be doubled with his loue.

Artoise. *Cæsar* is gracious, and has my hart:
But were not you the Seruants that attended
On the last *Emperour* that was made away,
And helpt to send him to a timelesse graue?

Vandome. We were my Lord.

Artoise. Let me embrace you in mine armes for that.

Mendo: But that ill speed followed our hopes to day,
We had giuen a period to King *Edwards* life,
And to the *Palsgraues*.

Vandome. Wee attempted it.
Habited like Saylers, but our pistolls failde,
And after long pursute, our Roabes throwne off,
We escapte with life.

Mendozze. And come to liue with you.

Artoise. Liue here as safe as in a Fort of brasse.
Such men I wisht for to assist my spleene,
Vnto one marke all our affections tend.

And

And they both dye if that the Emperour send.

Exeunt.

The Trumpets sound within as at a Tournament:
A great shoute.

Enter old Fytzwaters and Clynton.

O. Fytz. Did you ere see a better Tournament,
Or brauer Runners then this day appear'd
In the Tilt-yard?

Clyn. The best that ere I saw.
What a braue Horse the *Palsgraue* rid vpon,
And with what courage, nimblenesse, and strength,
Did he vnhorse his valiant opposites?
Speares flew in splinters, halfe the way to heauen,
And none that came against him kept his saddle,
Except the King, and he demeand him well:
It ioyes my soule, that he has yet in store
Such manly vigor; and the peoples hearts
Were not a little glad.

O. Fytz. Here they come all.

Enter King Edward, Palsgraue, Cullen, and others.

King. I feare you are ouer-wearied with our sports,
To speake the truth, I feele them troublesome,
Whether it be by discontinuance or age, I know not,
But my breath growes short.

Pals. What Oke is euer strong? age makes *Ioues* tree,
The fayrest King, and Emperour of the wood,
To bend it selfe; and bow his lofty armes
Downewards vnto the earth that fostred it.
No *Ceder* growes straight till his latest day:
As there's a weaknesse in their springing vp,
So is there in their declination.
The middle age the lusty does expresse,
And there flowes vigor, like a sea of strength,
Able to beare downe what doth stand the streame:
Such is mine now; but as my yeers doe flow,
Like *Okes* and *Ceders* they must straight bow low.

King. Sit

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King. Sit by our side, and weare a *Cæsars* wreath.
A Wreath of Laurell.
Palsgr. Victorious *Edward* keepe it as your right,
And let it mingle with your Royall Crowne,
That haue deseru'd it in a field of warre,
Not as tis mine, giuen for a Turnament.
King. It is our gifte, and you shall weare it still,
Bring forth the other honour wee intend
Vnto this thrice renowned Gentleman.

Enter an Herauld, with a faire Cushion, and the Garter vppon it.

Herald. My gratious Liege here is the Garter ready.
King. Which to the *Palsgraue* we cómand you beare,
Garter and *Herald* heere presents your Honour
With the *Order of the Garter*, whence he takes
His Office and his Name, by our Decree:
This is a fauour which no *Forraine Prince*
Euer enioyd yet, but the time may come
When Kings in seeking it may be instaid,
It was my Institution, and is worne
By none but the most Noble, and those fewe
Hereafter I will tell your Excellence
The *Motiue* why the *Order* was deuisd':
Meane time his hand shall claspe it to your Legge,
For tis a custome which you must not breake.
Palsgr: Your Highnes honours mee exceedingly.
King. You are now my *Fellow-Knight*, and you must
To fight for Ladies, & their *Fames* preserue. (sweare,
But that wee leaue to Deputation,
It shall suffice now, say on, passe your word.
My Word and Oath, so please your Maiestie,
The *Motto*, as I red it, was in *French*,
Honny soit qui Mal y pense:
Ill be his meede makes goodnesse an offence:
Or, Euill bee to him that euill thinkes.

I haue

I haue learnt the sence, the *Order* I will keepe
Inuiolate, by Hand and by my Sword;
And hope in time it shall as famous prooue,
As that of *Malta* or *Ierusalems*.

Clinton. The Bishops, *Mentz*, & *Trier*, sent frō *France*,
By the *French* King desire to be admitted.
With them associate comes the bold *Poytiers*,
But as I thinke hee's no Embassadour.
King. Giue them admittance.
We could not wish for a more braue assemblie,
Then at this instant to giue Audience.

Enter Mentz and Trier, and Saxon disguised like a Frenchman.

Mentz. Because the matter does concerne our selues
Most mighty King of *England*, we haue taken
This Embassie in hand, not sent by *Cæsar*,
But from your Neighbour, the great King of *France:*
Who by vs first intreates, after enioynes
You take good heede how you the *Palsgraue* aide,
For that he sayes, and will maintaine asmuch,
It were vniust now *Cæsar* to depose,
Who by his valour, if all Titles faile,
Merits the honour of an *Emperour*.
Trier. And that he is peerlesse for his minde,
And haughty resolution through the world,
That none so well as hee deserues the stile,
And being inuested in the dignitie,
Twere a dishonour great and Capitall,
Now to constraine him to a lower place:
Which if you seeke, heele shield from such disgrace.
King. Has *France* forgot our former victories,
That his Commission is so peremptorie?
Or is it but the Stratageme of *Cæsar*,
To blinde vs with the Name of the *French* King?
And *Iohn* of *France* be ignorant of this,

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Before we answere your prowde Embassie,
Weel send Embassadours to know the truth:
And if we be deceiu'd by a tricke,
Cæsar shall know he has dishonourd vs.
Saxon. I am a *Frenchman*, and a Peere of *France*,
My name *Poyctiers*, but no Ambassadour.
Yet by the Honours that my sword hath wonne,
King *Iohn* of *France* deliuered what they spake.
King. Being no Embassadour, why came you hither
To be a Spye, and to surueigh my Land?
Saxon A Spye, one of my blood without disguise,
Being the first Reuealer of my selfe.
How can this hold King *Edward* to be true?
I vse no Intelligence but with my sword:
Nor seeke for other corners then deepe wounds.
So if I come by any great mans hart
In honourable difference I surueigh it. (come?
Palsgraue. At whose hart aime you now, that you are
To iustifie an Embassage against mee?
Saxon. I say who weares the *Germaine* Diadem
Deserues it better then the best that's here;
Or any whom the *English* King, or thou
For priuate reasons wouldst preferre to weare it,
And that it is not honour prompts you to it;
But secret pride, to haue a person gouerne,
Which *Palsgraue*, thou mightst rule ambitiously.
Palsgr: Thou fowl-mouth'd slāderer eat thy prowd
Wherwith thou hast aspersst me; or my furie (words vp,
Shall make thee curse this bold-fac'te impudence.
Saxon. Come, Come, you cannot doe it.
Palsgraue. Cannot. (shocke,
Saxon. Nor dare. Ile stand the furie of thy prowdest
Not fearing danger in so sleight a Foe:
Should I put off these *Masks*, my wounds would fright,
And these wide mouthes which I haue got in warre
Not halfe heald vp, pronounce it in thy blood.

Thou

Thou art too weake to enter Armes with mee. (wrath,
Palsgraue. Since mildnesse cannot temper your stern
But that your splene must vomit vpon mee.
Ile teach you Syr to haue your tongue lockt vp.
By taking off your locke. (*Pulls off his locke.*
Saxon. My haire torne off. (*They part them.*
Palsgr. Who haue we here? This is the hauty *Saxon.*
Saxon. Grant me the cõbat *Edward*, of this *Palsgraue.*
King. He is a prince himselfe, & knowes his power.
Palsgraue. Now by the honour of my Fathers house,
Saxon Ile meete thee in the Realme of *France*,
In the Kings Court, or place where thou wert borne,
So I may haue good Hostage, and faire play.
Saxon. Now by my gage thou shalt. (*His gloue.*
Palsgr: This shall suffise.
I haue your locke to mee a better pledge.
Saxon. I would I had thy head to counteruayle it.
A whyrl-winde be thy guide, and a rough Sea
Plague thee before thou comst for my haires losse,
Hel & som Diuell was author of this crosse *Exit Saxõ.*
King. You haue payd him soundly and deseruedly.
But now to answere you in briefe, tis thus,
The *Palsgraue* and our selfe will see the King
With expedition, where (if hee make good
The prowd Iniunction you haue chargde vs with,
We will lay wast his Countrey, and once more
Put *France* in hazard of a sound losse.
Palsgraue. This *Saxons* braue, giues courage to vs all.
But Ile requite it with a *Germaine* braule.

Enter Saxon, Artoise, Vandome, and Mendoza, Trier, and Cullen.

Sax. You are the cause next to disgrace the *Palsgraue*
For which I came. The *Emperour* greetes you well,
And would haue noble *Artoise* lend his hand,
Both to cut off *Bauaria* and the King.

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Artoise. Where ?
Mentz. Here in *England.*
Trier. Or what place you will.
Vandome. *France* is the safer for the Stratagem.
Mendoz. And *Edward* is determined to saile thither.
Saxon. In *Fraunce* then giue it birth.
Where if it fayle lle be the *Palsgraues* death. *Exeunt.*

Enter French King solus.

F. King. The care of Kingdomes is a weighty charge
So is the care of children. But *Loues* care
Exceeds them all: That dryes the blood of life
More then the Feauer, though they burne like Fire:
And to submit it to the law of reason,
Makes reason follie, and discourse a Foole.
Then irresistable all ruling power
Reuell in young mens hearts, and leaue the olde,
Or meddle with inferiours, not with Kings;
We should be priuiledged, because most high,
But what's a King vnto a Deitie?

Enter Floramell, with a Napkin, and a cup of Wine.

Floramell. Your Maiestie call'd for a cup of wine.
F. King. I did faire creature, & I thank your paines.
But when I view the colour of your lippe.
And looke on this, the wine me thinks lookes pale:
You haue a better luster in your eye,
Then any sparkle that can rise from hence:
The siluer whitenesse that adornes thy necke,
Sullyes the plate, and makes the Napkin blacke.
Thy looking well, makes all things else looke fowle,
Being so faire in bodie, what's thy soule?
Floram. My soule and body are the gift of heauē,
And I will vse them to my *Makers* praise:
If other seruice (great King) you require,
I am ready, attend your hearts desire.
F. King. I think sweet creature, what thy tongue has (vtterd
Is distant many paces from thy heart.

My

My hearts desire, tis not in bending low,
After the afficious custome of a Court:
Nor lyes it in the vse of common things,
To bring and take away; my hearts desire
Is to enioy thee in another sort,
Which if thou yeeld vnto, thou shalt be great,
Greatest in France, next, nay before my Queene:
For Ile finde meanes to to take away her life,
So I may haue thee as a second wife.

Flora. The *Saint* of France forbid it, & all powers,
That haue continued both so long together
In sacred rites of Mariage, heauen deny
I should be Authour of her Tragedy:
Or giue content where murther is oppos'd.
If I should yeeld, and your Queene made away,
Might you not vse me so another day?
Tis fearefull building vpon any sinne,
One mischiefe entred, brings another in:
The second pulls a third, the third drawes more,
And they for all the rest set ope the dore:
Till custome take away the iudging sence,
That to offend we thinke it no offence.
Wherefore my Lord, kill mischiefe while tis small,
So by degrees you may destroy it all.

F. King. Diuine is thy discourse, like to thy beauty.

Flo. Doe not Idolatrize, beauties a flowre,
Which springs and withers almost in an houre:
Sickneſſe impayres it, but death kills it quite,
It vades as fast as shaddowes in the night.
Why should your Grace call it Diuinitie?
There's nought diuine, but that which cannot dye.
Least I offend by staying here too long,
Ile take my leaue, and so curbe in my tongue.

F. King Speake still, Ile heare thee.

Flor. To our Sex tis hard, (*Exit Floranell.*
We should be twice seene, ere we be once heard.

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F. K. Shee'll neuer yeeld! why do I woo her then?
Becauſe I cannot bridle my deſires,
Nor ſleepe, nor eate, but as I dreame of her:
Shee's to me as my *Genius*, or my ſoule;
And more then they, becauſe ſhe gouernes them.
Some way Ile take, my freedome to recouer:
That there's no phyſicke made to cure a Louer!

Enter the French Queene.

Queene. My Lord.
F. King. My Loue.
Queene. Yes.
F. King. *Infortuna.*
Queene. How! *Infortuna?*
F. K. I miſtooke thy name:
Yet now I thinke on't, I had buſie thoughts
How I might raiſe that Virgin to ſome Honour,
And match her with ſome worthy Peere of France.
Qu. Your ſelfe my Lord in ſome Adulterate kinde.
F. K. Nay then you wrong me, I meant vertuouſly;
Beleeue me Sweet I did, I loue thee ſo,
No euill thought ſhould make me wrong thy bed,
By this it ſhall not, this, and this, my Loue. *Kiſſes her.*
Queene. You flatter me.
F. K. I loue thee as I ſhould:
What, we haue liu'd together twenty yeeres,
And neuer wrongd each other, ſhould I now
Be the firſt cauſer of the marriage breach?
Baniſh ſuch thoughts, let all miſtruſt begon.
If ſhe grow iealous, I am twice vndone. *Exit. F. King.*
Quee. Ile haue about with her, to finde out all.
Within there. *Enter Floramell.*
Flo. Madame.
Queene. What *Medea* was't,
Of whom you learnt the Art of *Sorcery*,
To inchaunt a King, and draw him to your bed?

Thinke

Thinke you, becauſe you are my Mayd of Honour,
Ile honour you ſo farre, to haue my Lord,
Thou ſhameleſſe Callet? tis ingratitude,
Into my Husbands heart ſo to intrude.
I could haue helpt thee to a wealthy choyce,
Had you ſpar'd mine; but now it cannot be,
For I muſt hate thee for thy tretchery.
Flo. I am accuſ'd, that ought to be excuſ'd,
And blam'd as one vnchaſte, for being chaſte.
I Inchaunt the King, and vſe *Medeas* Art?
Witch-craft I haue alwaies hated with my heart:
And except Modeſtie a *Circe* be,
I know no other kinde of Sorcery.
Your Highneſſe ſent me with a Cup of Wine
Vnto the King, the occaſion of his wooing;
Was it my fault to doe your Highneſſe will?
Iudge gracious Maieſtie but as you ought,
And doe not blame me for a Virgins tryall:
His loue was anſwered with a ſtrong denyall;
And ſo deny'd for euer ſhall he be,
That ſeekes by ſuch meanes to diſhonour me.
Before I wrong a Queene ſo truely kinde,
Ile marre my face, and make my ſad eyes blinde.
Queene. In. *Exit Floramell.*
Weele conſider farther of your teares:
Ile haue her watcht, if ſhe prooues falſe, ſhe dyes;
But if continue conſtant to the end,
Neuer had Lady a more Royall friend. *Exit.*

Enter young Fitzwaters aloft.

Y. Fytz. Since I was caſt vpon this fatall Rocke,
And ſaw my Loue diſſeuered by the waues,
And my kinde Steward in the Ocean drownd,
Here I haue liu'd, fed onely with raw Fiſh,
Such as the Sea yeelds: and each Shippe I ſee,
(As dayly there are ſome furrow this way)
I call vnto for ayde, but nere the neere.

Once

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Once ask't me, What I was? I answer'd him,
An *Englishman*. Quoth he, *Stay there and starue*.
To the next that past, I sayd I was a *French-borne*.
Ile ayde no French quoth he. Vnto a third,
That I a *Spaniard* was. He bad me *hang*:
So that I know not what I ought to say,
Nor whom to speake to: but in happy time,
From this high Rocke, I see a tall Shippe come,
Furnisht with all his Sayles; and as it ploughes
The Ocean vp, it rayses hills of snow,
That fly on both sides as they did giue way,
To make a valley for the Shippe to passe:
Their Captaine as I thinke lookes vpon me,
And has tooke notice of my wauing hand.
Now the Ship turnes and this way ploughes amaine,
As if it meant to runne it selfe aground:
In happy time, now I shall be relieu'd.

Enter Saxon, Artoise, Mentz, Vandome, and Mendoza.

Saxon. T was heere abouts the Gallant beckned me,
He seemes a person of some eminence,
By the glittering of his Suite against the Sunne,
Cast Anker here, and let vs question him.
Men. Yonder he stands, mounted vpon the rocke.
Sax. The very same. What art thou, whats thy name?
Thy place of birth, fortune, and parentage,
That thou art left vpon this desolate shore?
And what requirest thou stranger at our hands?
Y. Eytz. As you are men, and therfore may be crost,
Be fauourable to a wretched man:
Know, that the Sea has cast me on this place,
Where I haue led a discontented life,
Ere since the last storme, and no passenger
Has taken pitty to remoue me hence.
Though food I want not, cause the sea yeelds fish,

I would be ſhifted to a better place.
My name's *Fitzwaters*, by my birth a Lord:
My naturall reſidence in England was,
Some of your company I haue often ſeene,
Set me aland where dwell inhabitants,
And thankfully I will requite your loue.
Artoy. 'Tis young *Fitzwaters*, pray sir take him in.
Sax. You know my interest in Englishmen
Since my diſgrace; and ſhall I pity him?
Ment. But he's deſcended of a Noble houſe.
Sax. The more ſhould I reioyce to ſee him dye.
Trier. Has valour.
Sax. Let him periſh on the Rocks.
Omn. But euery enemie bears not ſtout minde,
Some haue beene fauourable to their foes.
Mend. And 'tis an honour in an enemie
To ſaue where he may kill.
Y. Fytz. Your anſwere there?
Sax. You ſpeake as you'd compell it.
Y. Fytz. In the honourable entercourſe of men
I ſhould doe ſo, and were you in my caſe,
You would inforce your owne neceſſitie.
Sa. What wold this Stranger be in proſperous ſtate,
That beares ſo high a minde in his diſtreſſe?
Y. Fytz. I would be as thou art, proud of nothing.
Sax. Is a Shippe nothing?
Y. Fytz. As it ankers here
It beares a goodly ſhow; but launcht againe,
And a ſtorme riſe, it may be caſt aland
As I haue beene: nay worſe, it may may be ſunke,
And then what is't, but a fayre ſomething, nothing?
What is, and now is not; mans life, ona dreame,
Now ſwimming, and then ſwallowed in the ſtreame.
Sax. His words are piercing, ſome go take him in:
Come downe, and be receiued into our Boate.
Art. That ſhall be my charge. *Exit Artoiſe.*

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Sax. Could wee draw this ſpirit
Into our plot, heeld helpe to manage it
Vnto the life, and I ſhould take it better
Then yet I doe.
Vand. Perſwaſion may corrupt.
Ment. But be aduiſ'd how you perſwade him to it.
Trier. And take his Oath at firſt for ſacrifice.
Vand. We are no puny Politicians,
To be inſtructed in the rules of euill:
Here comes *Fitzwaters.*

Enter young Fytzwaters and Artoiſe.

Sax. Your hand.
Y. Fytz. And ſword, but that the Sea deuour'd it.
Sax. Know Sir, we haue buſineſſe of import in hand,
Wherein our purpoſe is to craue your ayde,
And as we ſayle to *France* weele open it.
Y. Fyt. I am yours in all things that are honourable.
Sax. Honourable or not, your ſhall do what we liſt.
Launch foorth into the deepe. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, Palſgraue, old Fytzwaters, Clynton and Cullen, Drummes, Colours, and Souldiers.

King. We did not thinke to haue footed the *French*
A ſecond time in ſuch Hoſtilitie; (ground
But when the conquered beares ſo proud a head,
Tis fit we make him ſtoope: yet leaſt the King
Be not himſelfe, or belabul'd by any,
My Lord of *Cullen*, we intreat your paynes
To enquire it out by our Ambaſſadour,
As *Mentz* and *Trier* his: ſay that our force
Might ſpoyle his countrey, and make waſte his land;
But that with *French* blood we haue ſurfetted,
And therefore care not greatly to ſhed more.
Say, We will meete him at an enterview,
There to diſcourſe our griefes before we fight,

Where

Where if he haue wrongd me, he shall doe me right.
Cullen. I shall delate your Highnesse Embassie.
Pal. But say from me my sword nere drunke *French*
And therefore it is thirstie for their liues:
That ere I leaue the Continent of *France*,
Without good satisfaction from the King,
None of his Caualieres shall were a locke,
Ile haue them all cut off, and euery yeere
Be payd in such a tribute for my wrongs.
As for proud *Saxon*, Say my word is kept,
And bid him warily respect his owne:
The French Kings Palace shall not saue his life,
Nor the best rampierd Bulwarke in the Land,
Except he answere me as fits a Peere.
Cul. But to the Emperour, whats your will to him?
Pals. That as he run from *Spayne*, he shall run hence,
Or I shall make him a poore Emperour.
His Basturd brauery tell him must goe downe,
And the legitimate weare *Cæsars* Crowne.
King. Fayle not to vtter euery sillable
Both of the *Palsgraues* sending and our owne.
Cul. I shall deliuer both.
Pals. Tak't how they please,
If they fly hence, weele follow through the Seas.
Cullen. I goe. *Exit Cullen.*
King. High is this Embassy, like to your valour,
Which I admire, and loue ardently;
That I could wish your presence all my dayes,
And thinke your company to me more sweete
Then mine owne Kingdome, or my Crowne besides.
Pals. Your loue and Royall presence I desire.
K. Clynton, and bold *Fytzwaters*, be it your charge,
Prouided well of our best Ships and Souldiers,
To sayle to *Germanie*, and free our friends,
Kept as we heare there with a slender guard,
In a weake Castle.

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Old Fitz. Which weele soone beate downe.
Palsgr. And bring them hither.
Clinton. Or returne no more. (campe
King. March forwards to the place where weel en-
Exeunt.

Enter Fitz-waters, Artoyse, Vandome, and Mendoza.

Vand. What should the reason be of this dissention
And why is young *Fitz-waters* froward thus?
Artoyse. His argumentes are strong and forcible.
Mendoz. Single vs hither to the forrest side,
Vnder pretense to plot more priuately,
And now not onely to mislike our drifts,
But call vs punies, and vnskilfull men,
It shewes a splenefull hatred to vs all.
Y. Fitz. Not vnto all, but only to you two:
Why should the Earle and Vicount a Lords sonne,
Ioine with a paire of base companions,
In such a waighty cause as a Kings death:
I know youle say you haue beene physitians,
Sailer, and Souldiers, and in such disguise,
Done some exploit that haue deserued respect,
I graunt as much, but yet your births are meane,
No gentry in your blood was euer knowne
By naturall Heraldry, your low discents
Disables vs, and we must seeke to wise,
With others of our owne condition.
Men. Come *Vandome*, of our selues weele do the deed
Y. Fitz. That were the ingressing of the same from vs
And so you would haue all the thankes your selues:
Neither commixt with vs, nor yet alone,
Shall it be acted, but as we are the best
In brith, and ablity to doe it,
Weele haue the priuiledge of doing it.
Vandome. And we should giue it ouer.
Y. Fitz. To your betters.

Or

Or hauing fit place, *Artoise* and my selfe,
Will kill you first, then cast you in the Riuer.
Artoise. Hee speakes what wee intend.
Mendozze. Intend your worse?
Cesar has promisde him the *Palsgraues* place,
And I shall be the *Marquesse Brandenburgh:*
Thinke you such Titles shalbe lost by feare.
Our valour has bene tryde with worthy men,
And ere we loose the glorie of the Act,
Vandome and I doe meane to vse you so.
Y. Fyth. Theyle nere be honest.
Vandome. Come Syr, are you ready? (braue vs?
Artoise. Most resolute villains, how they would out-
Y. Fyth. But noble *Artoise*, now the fire is giuen
The Cannon must goe off.
Artoise. Vnto theyr deaths.

Fight. Y. Fyth and Artoise kill Vandome, and Mendozza.
So they are dead, and now the Fame remaines
Onely to vs, that will accomplish it.
Y. Fyth. Onely to mee, that will perform't alone.
Thinkes *Artoise* those were slaine cause they are base?
Or that I wrought you to assist my plot,
Because you are of the Nobilitie?
No, I haue still this *Maxime* in my thoughts,
That a Competitor, though nere so Noble,
Takes away halfe the fame in euery thing:
I could haue opend this vnto you all,
But that I thought my selfe too weake for three:
And therefore prouidently vsde thy strength,
To kill them first, that I might slay thee after.
Now they are dead, thy life must follow theirs,
And so I share the honour to my selfe:
I will be *Palsgraue, Marquesse Brandenburgh,*
And the *Bohemian* King in mee alone,
Cesar shall write himselfe three Friends in one.

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Artoise. I doe not think thou meanst to be a traitor.
Y.Fitz. Now you come neer me, but that secrets mine,
And seeking it you must digge through my heart,
Or it will nere be found, it lyes so close.
Art: Ile know it, or a reason in your blood.
Y.Fytz: Wilt thou turne honest?
Artoise. Doe not torture mee,
With repetiton of that Beggars name:
Whome none but Idiots, Innocents, or blockes
Will entertaine.
Y.Fytz. I would change your minde
From this erronious and ill boding thought,
Because of late you freed me from the rocke,
But if it be so hurtfull to your sight
Be your own death, Ile not reueale my minde.
Arto. If that I cannot force it with my sworde,
Ile let it alone.

Fight, and kills Artoise.

So lye together, three a paire Royall makes,
And heres a paire Royall of excellent Villaines;
These haue slaine princes by their owne confession,
These made a Nation swimme in her owne blood,
The streame is turnde with you, t'is now high flood:
But I must cast you all into the Riuer.
Yea, swords and all, to cleare mee from suspect;
Suspect? by whome this place yeelds no such eye,
Tis well the worlds rid of their villanie. *Exit.*

Enter seuerally, the French king and Eloramell.

Floram. His Highnes here, then *Floramell* giue back.
F.King. Tis shee, a word; theres no retiring hence.
In vaine you striue, my force opposde against yours,
Will easily subdue your womans strength,
But theres a power included in your eye
That conquers Kings, subdues a Deitie.
And he that had the strength to rule those graces,
Might nere be caught, yet view the brightest faces:

One

One kisse, and Ile no more importune you.
Floram. On that condition, I will graunt you one.
F. King. But you must giue it mee.
Floram. *Dian* forbid, that were immodestie.
F. King. It must be so.
Floram. Vpon your Kingly Oath,
Neuer hereafter to renew your sute.
F. King. Now by my crowne I sweare.
Floram. Take it.
F. King. Tis done:
And with this kisse, a second Fire begun,
More ardent are my thoughts now then before:
I lou'd thee well, but now I loue thee more.
Thou shalt not leaue me, but for euer dwell,
Where I abide, thy absence is my hell.
Floram. Thinke on your Oath. (doe winke.
F. King. At Louers periurie, the Gods themselues
Flo. A King say so, *pardon me sir*, your will Ile not obey.
But your oth broken, mainely run away. *Exit Floram.*
Enter the Queene, hauing heard their conference. (me?
Qu. So, so, so: This is the affection that you beare to
Thinkes the *French King* Ile not reuenge this wrong?
As I am *Queene* of *France*, Ile make her know,
What tis to be corriuall in my Loue:
Shee dyes by Heauen.
F. King. If thou but spoyle a haire,
Or shed one drop of her celestiall blood
For any courtesie I haue offered her,
My wrath shall: as a furie haunt the deed.
And Ile torment thee for such crueltie,
Worse then the damned in the world below.
I seeldome threaten, but I doe it straight,
Her death thy Hell, looke too't, tis a shrewd fate.
Exit King.
Qu. Hee euer yet was soueraigne of his word,
What shall I doe, brooke this corriualship?

No,

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No, since I cannot in the Realme of *France*,
Haue the reuenge my longing heart desires,
Else-where Ile seeke it, I of late beheld
An *English* Lord in fauour at the Court,
His Name *Fitzwaters*, and I loue him well:
By his procurement I will lay a plot,
To yeeld King *Iohn* vnto his enemies,
So to obtaine my purpose, if it take
How euer Fooles may thinke to project ill,
It likes mee well, because I haue my will.

Exit.

Enter a Frenchman, and an Englishman.

Frenchman. What are you?

English: An *Englishman* & a trauceller, what are you?

French: A *Frenchman*, and no trauceller.

English: Then giue way; For I am the better man.

French: The better man?

Englishm.: I, the better man, by the perambulation of 2. or 3. thousand miles, I haue seene the great *Turke* borrow Money, and neuer minde the repayment ont.

French: Peuh, is that all? we haue a number of great Christians that will doe so, and when a man comes to demaund his owne somewhat boldly, hee shalbe committed to prison, or made a Foole, to stand wayting at the foredore where the Coach stands, whiles the Lord steales out at the backe-dore by water.

English: Ist possible?

French: That our Tradesmen can tell, to their great hindrance, & I my selfe know this, that being in pouertie, a Lord calld me by my name thrice, but hee would not remember it once, when hee came to his Lands.

Englishman. The reason is, least thou shouldst begge some of his New-liuing.

French: Nay rather for feare of paying the old score.

English: Sure thou art some *Noblemans* bastard, thou canst tell their tricks so right.

And

French. And by some great woman: For I can tell you their trickes too.

English. As how?

French. Your only fine Lady is wantonnesse, & new Fashions, your Cittizens wife gallops after. But shee is not so well horste to overtake her.

English: Now wee are in the discourse of women, What Countrey-women doest thou loue best?

French: I loue none.

English: I loue all, and to kisse them after the fashion of all Nations.

Frenchm. Why I pray sir, doe not all Nations kisse alike?

English: You are no Traueller, and therfore Ile beare with your ignorance: but know this, your *Spaniard*, as hee is prowde, hee kisses prowdly, as if hee scornde the touch of a Ladies lippe; marry you *Frenchmen* draw it in, as if hee would swallow her aliue: Now the *Italian* has soone done with the vpper parts, to be tickling of the lower: and we *Englishmen* can neuer take enough at both endes.

Frenchm. Is not your name Maister doe much?

English: It is, and yours (I thinke should be *Monsieur* doe litle.

Frenchman. Wee ere somewhat a kinne in the first part of our names, and I pray heartily let vs be better acquainted together.

English: You must doe as I doe then, and since we were both appointed, to wayte heere for the *French* Queenes comming, lets take her golde, and forsweare our selues.

French: Heere comes her Maiestie.

Enter the Queene.

Queene. Are you resolu'de to vndergoe this charge? Tis but an Oath, which I will guild with Crownes,

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And beare you out against the Law.

Frenchm.: I can doe little beeing so animated, if I should not forsweare my selfe, for so fayre a Queene.

Englishm.: And Ile doe as much as your Maiestie will haue me doe.

Queene. Take this in earnest, and when tis done, you shall haue more.

Frenchman. Wee will.

Englishman. And from this time forwards, let vs bee forsworne brothers.

Frenchman. Content. *Exeunt French. & English.*

Queene. Ile instruct you: Here comes *Fitzwaters.*

Enter Young Fytzwaters.

Y. Fytz. According to your Maiesties commaund,
I come to know your pleasure for the Letter
I should deliuer to the *English* King,
With that base strumpet that has Iniur'd you.

Queene. There is the Letter, which I charge you beare vnto King *Edward*, and assure his Grace
I will performe what I haue promis'de in't,
Ile send the strumpet to you instantly. *Exit Queene.*

Y. Fyth. I knowe not by what influence I am falne
Into the affection of this potent Queene:
But shee has sworne shee loues me as her soule:
And to enioy me in her amorous Bed,
Would spend the reuenues of the Crowne of *France*
Were it her owne: Ile temporize with her,
To effect some plot vpon my Soueraignes foes,
But shee shall know, Although shee loue me well,
My hearts desires were drownd with *Floramell.*

Enter Floramell.

Floramell. By all descriptions this should be the man,
To whome I am directed by the Queene:
But whome doe I beholde the young *Fytzwaters?*

Y Fyth. Tis she, Oh no, shees in the *Ocean* drownd,

No

No; Shee escapt it seemes as well as I.
But I will take no acquaintance of my Loue,
Till shee has cleerd her from the Queenes suspect.
Floramell. It is not meete I take acquaintance first,
Nor will I till I know a iust cause why,
Of his Familiar dealings with the Queene,
Here is the key her Highnes promiz'd you.
Y. Fytz. And you the prisoner to be safe lockt vp,
For your incontinence and wanton life.
Floramell. You doe me wrong, I hate incontinence,
Nor did I euer loue a wanton life:
I am a desolate Ladie, shipwrackt here,
And had a Husband once, too like thy lookes,
But not of such a rude condition.
Oh were hee present, and should heare thee speake
Such boystrous termes against his honourd wife,
He would out of the vertue of his minde
Knowing my conuersation to be good,
Write this base slander in thy villaines blood.
Y. Fytz. So confident, her innocence is great,
That can doe this sincetely without trickes:
But if you be the same that you would seeme,
How comes that your reputations growne,
Into such scandall, and your name the theame,
Of euery idle fellow in the Court?
That Groomes report, faire *Infortunate* is
The French Kings loue: Nay worse his concubine,
The voyce of men is held the voyce of God:
And where an euill is so farre proclaimde,
The generality approues the guilt,
And shees vnworthy to survive a minute,
To be the separation of two hearts,
Made one by Marriage.
Floramell. Kill me, kill me then,
Hauing my sentence, wherfore am I sparde?
Or doe you take delight to torture mee?

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Before you serue the Execution?
The Law requires no more but death for Lust.
The lingring is a note of Tyrannie.
It is sufficient that the wretch must die,
The sooner done, the lesser crueltie.
But if your conscience vrge you to forbeare,
I shall confute your worthlesse Arguments,
And tell you in the pureneſſe of my soule,
Report's a lyar, common talke a Foole.
Waytets & Groomes, light-headed like theyr plumes,
And those that doe attend in Princes Courtes,
Too actiue and quicke-witted to deprave
A Courting they proclaime for a consent,
A fauour for the deede, believe them not:
It is too common, this they hourely doe,
And thinke none chast, but her whom none did woo.
Y. Fytz. But you did kisse the King.
Floramell. The Queene did see it,
Vrg'de by constraint, and Kingly violence.
Vpon condition hee should wooe no more:
And for that kisse I am esteemd a whore:
If you beleeue I am, I pray proceede,
I kist the King, doe you a murderous deede.
Y. Fytz. Rise, rise, hereafter the discourse Ile tell,
Meane time *Fytzwaters* welcomes *Floramell.* (sion,
Floramell. So then I am honest by your owne con-
But ere I entertaine you as a Husband,
Ile be resolu'd what Loue has past betweene
The Queene and you, that you her Agent are,
In such a weighty cause as is my life. (thus?
Y. Fytz. Runs the stream this way, is the wind turnd
Floramell. I must know all.
Y. Fytz. In sight of Heauen I vowe
Shee is as chaste for any lust from mee,
As vnborne Infants, and I vse her loue,
But to aduance my soueraigne and his Realme.

No

No other caſe by honour I protest,
In ſigne whereof I oppoſe an innocent breast
Againſt the ſword: if you beleeue not, kill,
But neuer man died for a leſſer ill.

Flaraniel. I am ſatisfied, riſe Ioue, and let vs goe,
Theres no true ioy without ſome taſte of woe.

Exeunt.

Enter French King, Baſtard, Saxon, Trier, and Menz. Queene.

F. King. Proſperity I thinke was borne in France,
Tis ſo obſequious vnto all our acts;
And fitts a ſubiect waites vpon our will:
To morrow in this happy enterview,
In which *Fitz-waters* and the Earle of *Artoiſe*,
Haue promiſde to ſurpriſe the Engliſh King,
And the ambitious *Palſgraue*.

Baſtard. If it take,
We ſhall haue cauſe to praiſe our happineſſe.

Saxon. Take, out of all ſurmiſe and in my thoughts
It is as good already as performde.

Trier. I thinke no leſſe.

Menz. It is moſt probable.

F. K. Where is the Queen ſhe promiſde vs a maske?

Queene. The Maske is ready.

F. K. Be Iouiall then, for mirth began the night:
And we will end it with the like delight.

Enter King Edward, the Palſgraue, and L. Fitz, Flaraniel, Cullen, & diuers Lords in the Maske, they daunce there.

F. King. We are beholding to you Gentlemen,
For this your Court-ſhip, pray diſcouer now.

E. King. We will, and make you all die priſoners.

F. K. King *Edward* heere?

Saxon. The *Palſgraue*.

Baſtard. All our foes.

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Menez. Whose plot was this?

Trier. Or is it not a Dreame?

Palsgraue. Tis such a Dreame youl neuer wake from:
To talke of this strange admiration,
Which like the night houers on euery eye:
Know that I haue deluded you with hopes
Vaine, like those villaines, which my sword did kill,
And by a Letter to the King deliuered,
Sent by your Queene, to be reueng'd for lust,
I caused his Maiestie to enter thus.

Queene. I receiued them in at the backe Gate.

King. Wheres the Lady that has wronged the Queene?

Y. Fytzw: Heere is my troth-plight wife,
Freer from that foule imputation,
Then is her Maiestie from iealousie.

King. Is shee then chaste?

French King: Ile answere for the Virgin,
By my good Fortunes once, now by my beard,
She is as nobly vertuous of a stranger,
As ere I knew, and though I sought her loue,
I nere obtaind it.

Queene. No, where is my witnesse?

King. Sonne, call them in.

Enter Frenchman and Englishman drunke.

Palsgraue. What can you sweare?

French: What must wee sweare?

English: Ile sweare that the Lady is a good Ladie,
The Queen a good Queene, & theirs an end of swearing.

King. Is this all?

English. And more then you should get of mee, but that the Queene gaue vs golde to say something: but who haue we here sirrah?

French. Players, by this light players: Oh I loue a play with all my heart.

English. Begin, begin, we are set. *Strike the Rallies.*

French: Thats a braue King.

Eng.

English: Thats a braue boy that playes the Queenes (part.
French: He shalbe my Iuggler.
English: And when the play's don, Ile be at charges
To bid them all to supper.
Palsgraue. Away with them.
French: I am very sleepy.
English: Would I were a bed.
Y. Fitz. Ile leade you thither.
English. God a mercy good Chamberlaine.
French. The play's done, and now we must go home.
Farewell. *Exeunt Fooles.*
Queene. But shal the stream turne, this way is my plot
Become so weake? you will beleeue a Subiect
Before a Queene? I haue out-shot my selfe,
In seeking Iustice at an enemies hand:
This is a crosse beyond the strength of brayne;
Sure I shall end my dayes in Lunacy,
Like one to whom due vengeance is denide,
Because of weakenesse, on my selfe Ile turne
The fury that should light vpon my foe,
Scatter my hayre, like chaffe before the winde,
Hell in this world dwells in a iealous minde. *Exit. Q.*
Palf. Our reuelling has strucke day out of night,
And bright *Aurora* vshers foorth the Sunne
To his diurnall course; yet neyther night,
Day, nor the morning, with her flaring beames,
Can stirre vp valour in this *Saxons* breast:
What, is thy minde made captiue with thy body?
Or thinkst thou that I take aduantages
Where honour should be shewd, I me still my selfe
Ready to giue an answere to thy challenge
As at the first, and if thou conquerst me,
By my Atchiuements I will set thee free.
Sax. You shew your selfe in this a Noble foe,
And I receiue more honour then I hop't:
I thought, because I was your prisoner,

You

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You had esteemd captiuitie a conquest.
But since you haue awakt sleeping valour,
And giuen your Captiue such a priuiledge:
I am the same bolde combatant to dare,
And doe asmuch as erst I did intend.

Palsgraue. Choose your owne Weapons, and Ile meete you streight.

Saxon. My Armour there. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cullen.

Cullen. *Clinton* and bold *Fytzwaters* are arriu'de,
And bring with them releast from seruitude
Brandenberg, *Sauoy*, and *Bohemia*.

King. Guide them in.

Enter Old Fytzwaters, Clinton, Drum, and Colours, with Sauoy, Brandenberg, and Bishops, with Soldiers.

Old Fytzw: These with our selues, we humbly doe present vnto your Maiestie.

Clinton. Such as our Sworder by a glorious victorie set free.

King. When Heauen is pleasde to giue prosperitie,
How it flowes in: welcome my honord Friends: I am glad your thraldomes proue your libertie.

Sauoy. The King of *England* has bene alwayes kinde.

Bohem. I haue euer found it so.

Brandenb: And so haue I.

Old Fytzw: Whom doe I see? my Sonne that stole my Bride? As you respect my seruice (gracious King) Let me haue Iustice.

Clint: *Clinton* kneeles with him.

Y. Fytz. To their great seruice, greater I oppose,
And doe beseech your Highnes wrong me not.

Old-Fytzw: Wrong thee!

Y. Fytzw: I wrong mee, may not Kings doe wrong?
Or dare you thinke because you are my Father, Ile loose my wife.

Clint

Clinton. Daughter come from him, least I force you
Florumell. Father I may not. (hither.
Y. Fytz. Fathers both shee shall not.
King. Weele heare no more of these bold menaces
On paine of death I charge you both forbeare:
And let my censure sway this differences:
In *England* at your house the Byshop tolde mee
That *Clintons* Daughter by a precontract,
Was young *Fytzwaters* wife, and that some tricke
Betwixt the Fathers to preserue their wealth,
Broke off the match, to haue him wedde the olde.
This being true; I charge you on your liues
Vrge him no further in his lawfull choyce,
But as twas wrong enough to hinder it,
Make him amends, by being reconcilde.
Y. Fytz. Which I intreat vpon a dutious knee.
Florumell. And so doe I.
Old Fytzw. Rise, rise, I am frends with you both, and
When my Angers ouer you shall find me a kind Father,
Clinton. So shall you.
Y. Fytz. All lets are now remou'd, I am truly happy.
Cullen. The Combattants are ready.
King. Guide them in.

Enter seuerally Saxon and the Palsgraue Armd, and in their shyrts, Drum & Cullors.

Palsgr. Idle are words where we must vse our swords,
Yet that it may appeare what mindes we beare,
Now we are marcht into this dreadfull Lists,
Know that this day my Honour shall exceede,
Or I lye breathlesse where I set my foote.
Saxon. Were thy breast Marble, & thy ribbs of brasse,
Saxon will haue the superioritie,
Or in this dreadfull place, his life expires.
Palsgraue. Sound trumpets, & the destinies guide all.

Fight, and kills Saxon.

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Bastard. The *Palsgrave* is invincible I thinke.

F. King. Not to be ouercome.

Mentz. Nor to be tam'de by any.

F. King. Matchlesse, and farre beyond the praise of words, are all thy actions, let me honour thee. (boy.

Palsgrave. Our Friends return'd in safety cheares more

F. King. Cæsar resigne your Title vnto *Saxony*, and *Savoy*, sit you vp, whilst the *Electors* heere ioyne all their hands to make thee *Emperour*.

Palsgr. Mine as the first.

Bohem.

Trier. And to get your loue,
We will disgrace our selues to honour him.

Bastard. Receiue the Crowne, how ashee weares the same may it crush out his braines.

Palsgr. Long liue and happily the *Germaine Cæsar*.

Savoy. As happily as your kinde loues haue made me,
And long as please the Heauens.

Palsgrave. Your farther rights shall be perfected with State in *Germanie*, whither I inuite the Maiestie of *England*, and all our Friends.

King. Ile beare you companie.

Palsgr. Faire windes and prosperous to our seuerall Realmes, wee wish and pray for, tis not our least good To be the Fauorites of the wauing Flood.

Exeunt.

FINIS. W. Smyth.